

AN ARCH-FIEND.

The Mystery of Two Murders Solved.

T. Durant Charged With Double Murder.

His Victims Two Innocent Young Girls.

THE MURDERER THE SUPERINTENDENT OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HIS CHARNAL HOUSE THE EMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH.

It is not a very pleasant duty to chronicle a murder case, but when it comes to note the particulars of a double murder and a double crime with each one, the victims being young girls of good character. The work to be done is almost too revolting to place before the public, yet it is the news of the day and the reporter can do nothing but succumb to the inevitable.

On April 3d of this year Blanche Lamont was reported in San Francisco to be missing. Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock the dead body of Miss Lamont was found in the belfry of the Baptist Emmanuel church on Bartlett street San Francisco. On the day of her disappearance she was seen by three young ladies to board a Powell street car in company with a young man, presumably on her way home. It is now thought that the two went directly to the church. The young man has been identified as being W. H. J. Durant, who was the librarian of the church and Superintendent of the Sabbath school. He carried a key to the church and this accounts for the couple going there upon some pretext given by the young man. It is now believed by the police that Durant choked the girl to death, accomplished a double crime and then conveyed the body up into the belfry.

After arriving here it appears from the position the corpse was found in that it was stripped of every inch of clothing, then laid out upon the floor as one is laid out for burial. Her hands were placed across her breast and her limbs were in a straight line with a piece of wood along side of them so that they would not fall out of the position left in. The clothing which has since been found, was torn into shreds and tucked away among the rafters.

On that evening Charles L. Hedemark, who resides near the church and can look into it from the rear windows of his house says, that he was looking out of the back window and noticed a light in the church, it was a flickering light, and appeared as if one were carrying a wax candle or a taper. It showed near the bottom of the big stained glass window, which reaches nearly to the floor of the gallery, which one must traverse to reach the tower from the lower floor.

By the faint light he could distinguish the form of a man, who went along a little way and then stooped down, and then repeated this until he had passed away across the window. The light then disappeared entirely for quite a time and, then reappeared.

The occurrence did not appear strange to him then. He remarked to his wife that men must be working late in the church. He thought no

more about till it was recalled to his mind by his wife after the discovery of the body. He believes that what he saw was Durant dragging the body of the murdered Blanche Lamont to the tower.

The autopsy on the body was made by Dr. J. S. Barrett. It proved beyond a doubt that she had been murdered. The lungs were filled with blood, the cartilages of the neck and the windpipe showed compression, and the marks of the finger nails of two hands were plain to be seen in the neck. The verdict of the surgeon was: "asphyxiation, caused by strangulation."

According to Dr. Bartlett's measurement Miss Lamont was 5 feet, 8 inches high, and when alive weighed about 150 pounds. The officials at the morgue are of the opinion that two men were concerned in the tragedy, from the fact that it took two persons to carry the body down the stairway. The remains will be placed in a leaden casket and sent to her relations in Montana.

Following close on this murder was another. That of Minnie Williams, who was about 21 years of age, and a friend of Miss Lamont. Both of these young ladies attended the Bartlett street church, and were friends of W. H. T. Durant, who has been arrested on suspicion of having committed both crimes.

Miss Williams' death occurred on last Friday evening in the same church building where Miss Lamont's body was found. The evidence against Durant is circumstantial, and much the strongest in the Minnie Williams case.

It is believed that Durant and Minnie Williams had an engagement to go to the church on Friday evening. Detective P. S. Chappell said that he was at the ferry on Friday evening at five o'clock, and saw Durant meet Miss Williams there and go off together towards Market street, apparently to take a car.

It is supposed that she went directly to a friend's house at 1707 Howard street where she took dinner. Immediately after the meal she went out with the intention of meeting Durant and getting a book from the church library. It is further supposed that when the two met at about 8 o'clock and went into the church they went to the front of the church building. To escape his attentions she went to the library room and locked the door. By those who think the prisoner guilty it is believed that after the crime was committed that he fixed himself up to a certain extent and went to Dr. Vogel's where there was a party. He arrived there at about 9:30 o'clock and his clothes were in such disorder that he asked the privilege of going to a private room for the purpose of making his toilet before the company. It has been alleged that there were blood stains upon his hands when he arrived at Dr. Vogel's.

Durant was arrested yesterday in Contra Costa County and taken immediately to San Francisco. In the office of Chief Crowley he was asked if he ever saw a certain purse which the Chief showed him and he said that he found it about 20 minutes to 12 o'clock on Friday night on the corner of Twenty-third and Bartlett streets.

This purse was found in Durant's coat pocket when a search was made among his clothes in his house. It was the property of Miss Williams.

The body of Miss Williams was discovered on the floor of the library of the church by some ladies who had entered the building for the purpose of decorating the church for Easter services. The murder was accomplished by forcing pieces of clothing down the girls throat with a piece of stick to prevent any noise she might make. Afterwards the body was stabbed with an ordinary case knife in several places and the blade was broken off

leaving pieces of the knife in the body. The clothes were also nearly all torn to pieces.

Durant, after being taken to the jail in company with his father and his attorney, A. H. Thompson, made, with the consent of his counselor, the following statement:

"About Blanche Lamont, I will explain my movements on the day she is said to have disappeared, Wednesday, April 3rd, I understand. I left home about 8 o'clock that morning, intending to go to the house of a friend, George King, to ask him to assist me in a little electrical work I was to perform in the afternoon.

"On my way down I met Blanche on the corner of Mission and Twenty-first streets. I had known her since September last. As she knew that I was attending college and we were going the same way she said, 'You had better come along with me.' I couldn't very well refuse, so I got into the car with her. We got talking, and on one subject we were both much interested in was literature. I was reading a book, 'The Newcombes,' and I promised to take her that book that evening to the prayer meeting in the church.

"I did not get to the prayer-meeting but next morning met her aunt, Mrs. Noble, and told her to tell Blanche I would call and give her the book on my way to the Hospital on Friday morning. That morning I walked down Twenty-first street to Mrs. Noble's house. I asked Blanche's sister, Maud, if she was in. Maud said 'No, she has gone to school.' I left the book and went away.

"Going back to the Wednesday, the day of her alleged disappearance, I went to the church between 4 and 4:30 o'clock to go ahead with my electrical work. I took off my hat and coat, went upstairs to the belfry, turned on the gas and fixed the electric light all right. When I began to climb down I felt squishy from the effects of the gas. When I got down I heard some one playing the piano and saw it was George King. I told him I felt sick from inhaling the gas and he went out and brought back some bromoseltzer. I then assisted George to carry the organ downstairs, as both it and the piano were to be used for the Easter entertainment. Then we went along Bartlett street to Twenty second street and I left King at Capp street.

"Now about Minnie Williams. Last Friday evening I left home about five minutes to 8 o'clock. I walked down to twenty first and Guerrero streets to speak to Dr. Perkins, the first sergeant of our signal corps, as to getting a blue flannel shirt of mine which I had left in the armory. I had to get the key to the locker. We walked down Twenty-fourth street to Valencia, down Valencia to Twenty-third and stood talking until Dr. Perkins' car came along.

"Knowing I would have little time to get my horse shod, I concluded when I got to Mission street to take a Mission street car to go the armory at Page and Gough streets. I got on the car but concluded it would make me too late for the meeting at Dr. Vogel's house. I got off the car between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets walked down to Howard street, then to Nineteenth street, and then thought it was no use to take a car, so I walked to Dr. Vogel's house, getting there about five minutes to 9 o'clock, and Dr. Vogel made the statement that I was a little behind time.

"After the party broke up a number of us walked as far as Twenty-fourth street on Howard. Three went down Twenty-fourth and three up the street. I was with Miss Merien Lord and Elmer Wolf. We walked as far as Capp street and they turned down. I walked straight up Twenty-fourth to Guerrero.

"As I was crossing Bartlett street I saw something glisten on the sidewalk. I gave it a kick and something shining fell out of it. I picked it up and saw it was a small mirror, and then saw that it had fallen out of a purse. I put it in my overcoat pocket. I reached home at 10 minutes to 12. I did a little writing and then went to bed. I got up next morning at about 5:30 o'clock. I got my things together as quick as I could, as I had to go to the horseshoer at the corner of Bartlett and Twenty-third streets to get my horse. About 20 minutes past 7 I rode to the armory. We took the Creek boat at 8 o'clock, and I was with my corps since then until I was arrested."

Durant then, in reply to a question, said he last saw Miss Williams three weeks ago.

Here the attorney refused to allow any more questions to be asked.

The news of the finding of the body of Miss Lamont reached Berkeley shortly after the noon hour, when the news was put upon the bulletin board at Shattuck avenue. It caused a great sensation, and soon the news spread all over the town and was the principal topic of conversation the rest of the day. Some of the ministers incidentally referred to it in their evening discourses.

There has been nothing for many a day that has caused so much feeling in Berkeley as the news of these two horrible murders.

Santa Clara Valley.

Very large shipments of dried fruit have been made to the East from San Jose during the past week. There were only 130 carloads of dried fruit left in the valley the bulk of which is prunes. There does not seem to be any doubt but what last years crop will be entirely disposed of before the new crop comes in.

The fruit crop from Santa Clara Valley stands very high in the market and there is never any trouble about disposing of it. If this valley is not the richest in the State it will not be long before it will arrive at that point and it should be no discouragement to other valleys either.

The Next Campaign.

The keynote of the next campaign on the Democratic side has been issued by President Cleveland as already foreshadowed. He writes a letter to a Chicago Committee who invited him to attend a gathering in the interest of "sound money and wholesome financial doctrine." Quoting from the letter he says, "disguise as we may, the line of battle is drawn between the forces of safe currency and those of silver monometallism."

Fiesta at Los Angeles.

The second annual carnival begins in Los Angeles today and the week will be devoted to festivities. A very large number of people will visit that city who come from long distances beyond the State line. Delegations will also attend from different parts of the State. Sonora Modini-Wood will be the Queen of the fiesta.

Arrangements have been made to receive a large number of visitors and it is expected that as the fiesta this year is an improvement on the first one held that each year will also find that city of angels improving in her efforts for the enjoyment of her people and their guests.

Flower Thieves.

On Saturday night, or early Sunday morning, some miscreant entered a garden on Dwight way, near Telegraph avenue, and stole a small rainbow rosebush. The thief was evidently in a hurry, as he pulled the bush up by the roots. These depredations are becoming too frequent of late. Whether they belong to Berkeley is not known, but if they are caught at their contemptible work they should get the punishment they so richly deserve.

HE WILL DIE.

John L. Gill Struck by a Special Train.

His Injuries are Sure to Prove Fatal.

Dan Duggan Acquitted by a Jury.

REVIVAL MEETINGS TO COMMENCE TO-MORROW EVENING—DEATH OF JEROME YSUNZA—EXTRA LARGE FRUIT SHIPMENTS.

On Saturday last Mr. J. L. Gill, who is well known in Berkeley, where he has lived for a number of years, and later of San Pablo where he kept a roadside tavern, left Oakland on the Martinez local for his home, in company with Mr. George Davis. They both alighted at Stege, their nearest station, and were standing talking while awaiting the arrival of Mr Davis' buggy which was to meet them. Only a minute or more elapsed after they had alighted when a special train came around the curve, and before they were aware of it it was upon them. Davis jumped and at the same time called to Gill to look out, but it was too late as the cowcatcher of the engine struck Gill and threw him clear off the track. The engineer of the train, who must have been cognizant of the accident, although he blew no warning whistle, never stopped but went right along. Mr. Davis picked up his companion, who was unconscious, and took him to the Oakland hospital of Dr. Woolsey where upon examination it was found that his shoulder was dislocated and that his hip was out of joint and his left arm was broken. His skull was fractured and his jaw was broken, as was also his nose. He had several cuts beside. He never regained consciousness after the accident, and had not up to the hour of going to press. A telephone message received this afternoon states that the injured man cannot possibly survive more than a few hours.

This will be sad news to his many friends in this vicinity as he is a man of genial and pleasant ways and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

Duggan Acquitted.

For the past two weeks there has been a great deal of interest manifested in the charge of Mrs. Sommers against Daniel Duggan, whom she claimed stole \$30 of her money. The case was called several days ago and after a trial of several hours the jury could not agree and were discharged. A few days later a second trial was had, which resulted the same as the first.

On Saturday last he had his third trial, which lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until 11:30 o'clock in the evening, when the jury came in with a verdict of not guilty and the charge against him was dismissed.

Mr. Duggan claims that this charge against him was just a conspiracy to run him out of business and he intends to investigate the matter thoroughly and let the public know just where the animus lies.

Why He is Happy.

This morning at about 8 o'clock Dr. De Marconnay heard a violent ringing of his doorbell and upon going

to his door was informed that his services were required at once at the residence of Thomas Griffin on Fourth street. He repaired to the residence at once, and shortly afterward when accosted by a GAZETTE reporter and asked what was new, responded, "well there is a nine pound baby boy over to Thomas Griffin's house, just arrived and Tom is the proudest and happiest man in town. When Griffin was seen he was walking on air, and his closest friend could not hold communion with him. He will come off his perch in a month or so when he has to get up in the middle of the night and pack the baby back and forth across the room, while at the same time he is picking up the stray carpet tacks, pins, needles etc. with the soles of his feet. Oh it is nice to be a father."

Hotel Raymond Burned.

By telegram it is learned that the Raymond hotel at Pasadena was entirely destroyed by fire yesterday. It was next to the Coronada hotel in site and was calculated to comfortably care of 4000 guests. On the night of the fire the hotel was full of Eastern people who winter there, the number was nearly 500 guests at the time the fire occurred.

The fire was discovered about 3:30 o'clock and in an hours time this large structure was level with the ground. The building and furniture was insured for \$200,000. A defective flue caused the fire. The guests lost almost all their effects.

Jerome Ysunza Dead.

About one week ago Jerome Ysunza, one of West Berkeley's bright young men, got hurt in a runaway and at the time it was thought that he was injured internally. In a day or two he was laid low with la grippe which developed into pneumonia and this took such a firm hold upon him that it took but a few days to end his life, his spirit having passed to the bosom of his Maker at 11:30 last evening.

His death will be a shock to a large number of his friends and acquaintances who did not know that he was sick.

The funeral arrangements have not yet been made but will be announced in tomorrow's issue of the GAZETTE.

The Mariposa Gazette came to hand this morning. It is a good many years since we had the pleasure of seeing a copy of it, somewhere about 1858, if our memory is correct. It has grown since then and has all the appearance of a successful newspaper. It should be appreciated by not only the place of its home but the surrounding country.

James W. Scott, proprietor of the Chicago Times-Herald and the Chicago Evening Post, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the Holland House in New York City. Apoplexy was the immediate cause of his death. He was born in 1849 and was one of the most brilliant men of the West.

The Pacific Coast heirs of Anne, who are organizing for the purpose of getting their rightful interest in the property now held by the Trinity church of New York City. Among those appear present at a recent meeting the names of A. B. and S. S. Quackenbush of Berkeley.

American shoes are being shipped into the English market and are successfully competing with the home manufacture. This country make of ladies kid boots sells 8d per pair less than the English make.

The roll of membership in the Manufacturers and Producers Association shows nearly 400 names, and it is increasing like a rolling snowball. It means home patronage for home industries.

On account of the severe illness of the father of Major J. F. Hayes of Oakland, his marriage with Miss Carrie Lockyer of Berkeley has been indefinitely postponed.

The evangelist Henry Varley held services in Shattuck Hall last evening and had probably the largest audience ever gathered within its doors.

The San Francisco half million party passed through Berkeley this morning on their excursion jaunt to the Los Angeles Fiesta.

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MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1895.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

On the morning of April 4th the State were informed of the disappearance of a young and beautiful girl named Blanche Lamont, and they have been watching the newspapers ever since to see what had become of her. On Saturday morning the only tidings they received of her was that her bosom friend, Minnie Williams, had been found murdered in the library of the Emanuel Baptist Church. Investigation threw a suspicion of the crime upon the superintendent of the Sunday School, a young man named Durant, but he could not be found until yesterday, when he was arrested near Mount Diablo, where he was with a signal corps, that had left the city on Saturday morning. This murder led people to believe that the person who committed it knew something of the disappearance of Miss Lamont, and these suspicions are evidently correct, for yesterday morning the body of Miss Lamont was found nude and cold in death in the belfry of the same church in which the body of Miss Williams was found in the library.

It does not seem possible that a human being could commit these dastardly crimes, yet suspicion points so strongly to young Durant that there seems to be no way of his clearing himself. The purse of Miss Williams, whom he claims he had not seen for six weeks, and which she had with her on the night she was murdered, was found in Durant's pocket. We know no punishment that is adequate for the murderer of these young girls, unless it be burning by a slow fire. There are a score of murderers in the San Francisco jail and at San Quentin, some of them awaiting trial and others under sentence of death, yet not one of them expects to ever suffer the death penalty, and we doubt whether they will or not. There is something wrong in our laws which allows a cold blooded murderer to appeal to the Supreme Court for a new trial, and it takes the Supreme Court a year or two to reach it, and if they do grant a new trial, the witnesses are scattered and the man gets off. If they do not grant a new trial to the condemned, the Governor steps in and commutes the sentence. The air seems full of murder and nobody is safe, especially our mothers, wives and daughters, and we believe that it is time for the Vigilants to assemble once more and rid the State of some of these murderers and robbers that are running at large and that are filling our jails.

THERE seem to be a growing sentiment in Oakland and San Francisco that Berkeley is the proper place to visit on Sunday. This is as it should be, for a Sunday visit, in many instances, means a permanent resident in the near future. There is one drawback to Berkeley, however, which should be remedied, there is no chance for a person to get a drink of water. People who have been rambling over the hills with their children come back to the trains tired and thirsty, but they cannot get a drink of water until they get onto the boat. There is no water in the depots at East or North Berkeley, nor is there any on the trains. The stores are closed up and people have to suffer. It would not cost much to put a drinking fountain on Stanford Square for the benefit of visitors. If this were done there would probably be a great many more sympathizers with the mile limit law than there are at present. It is very easy to tell people that they ought not to drink liquors, that advice does not cost anything. But when it comes down to offering a remedy, in the shape of pure cold water, that does cost something, it is not done. Berkeley, by all means, should have a drinking fountain, where man and beast could both quench their thirst.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The municipal campaign has now fairly opened and the various candidates are wrestling around among their constituents, endeavoring to convince them of their fitness for the office they seek. In nearly all the wards there are independent candidates for trustees and it is said that there will be more. Thus it will be seen in wards where there are four or five candidates it will take but a very few votes to elect, if all the candidates get anywhere an equal division, and it is supposed that they would not run if they did not think that they had some chance of winning. If there is any man who is in the fight for the purpose of getting a few votes just to defeat some other candidate he should be frowned down and forever after be debarred of political honors. The fight for school director will be fought to a finish on straight and honest lines.

The most important fight of all will be that one between J. W. Striker and Richard Lloyd, both of whom are well known in this community and who have each a large following. B. P. Bull is a candidate but as he is not known to any extent, it is probable that he will not cut much of a figure in the fight, unless it might be to pull from one of the leading candidates which would have otherwise gone to him. The Clerks fight promises to be very interesting and it is hard to tell who will win it. Charles Gompertz and M. L. Hanscom are the leading candidates and it is said that they will run neck and neck as they are both very popular. Opposing them are W. H. Bone and Walter Young. Mr. Bone has a great many friends who would not vote for him for marshal or constable, and he may be a surprise party at the end of the fight. Walter Young, while having a large number of friends, is supposed to be the weakest man on the ticket.

For assessor the contest will be between Isaac Wells and Frank N. Lowell. Mr. Wells has held the office for four years and has given so much satisfaction that it is very doubtful whether he can be beaten, especially by Mr. Lowell, who, although a very nice and competent young man, is not sufficiently known to the voters of Berkeley.

For the office of treasurer the names of John Squires, the present incumbent, and R. W. Good are before the public. Mr. Squires and Mr. Good have both filled this office and were both candidates at the last election, and will make the same fight over again. As Mr. Squires had a very large majority the last time it is safe to say that he will not lose many of that majority this time.

In a year or so more there will be no more poppies on the hills in and around Berkeley. They will be entirely extinct. Hundreds of people are here through the week gathering them, and leave no opportunity for them to spring up next year. It can be noticed now that where they grew in profusion last year only one now and then can be seen this year. It is too bad, but living so close to the city we suppose that it cannot be helped.

CONTINUED good words come from the different journals throughout the country in reference to the enlargement of the GAZETTE. It is considered the leading paper of Berkeley, not only at home but also abroad.

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A modest little card tacked to the front door of a handsome brick house in St. Ann's avenue, near One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, announces to the world the existence of a hotel which embodies a woman's idea and efforts in lightening the burdens of other persons. Among refined and congenial surroundings the guest of this house, which is called the Home hotel and is open to both men and women, may have a cozy room and good fare for very little more money a week than an orchestra chair at a theater costs, and if she happens to be struggling against fate with an empty pocketbook she may have the same accommodations for nothing at all until fortune smiles.

Yet the hotel is not a charitable institution. A more valuable possession than money is required to give you entry there. You must have brains, and they must be brains, moreover, that are refined and polished by education and culture, for the hotel is conducted for authors, musicians, teachers and members of other professions who find temporary difficulty in wringing dollars from an unappreciative world, and for those who are incapacitated by age or illness from earning money.

A courtly old gentleman opens the front door to the needy brainworker who comes for the first time and bows the caller into the parlor, with the information that Miss — will attend her presently. A very pleasant first impression of the hotel is received while waiting here. These parlors seem instinct with informality and sociability. The plain, substantial furniture; the piano, with its loose and apparently oft turned sheets of music; the well thumbed magazines and books, the portraits and engravings, combine to remind one of an old fashioned country house where hospitality and simplicity dwell and ostentation has no place.

The door opens softly, and a sweet faced woman enters. In a manner full of charm and tact she asks the necessary questions, and the caller is invited to come again on a certain day. Meanwhile her credentials are carefully investigated. If the result is satisfactory, a warm welcome awaits her on her second visit, and she becomes one of the little company whose ambitions in art or literature have not yet been realized or are worn out with the efforts of a lifetime. She pays whatever she can afford, from \$1 a week to \$7, and sympathy and material aid, where possible, are extended to her in her work.

Professional persons over 65 may become life guests by the payment of \$300, which is raised by relatives or a church society, and sometimes by the patrons of the home. There are at present about 50 guests in the four connecting houses, to which the hotel has been enlarged. They are not all without means. A number pay full rates for board, and live in the hotel because of its society of clever, interesting persons and the atmosphere of refinement and homeliness.

The founder of the hotel and the president of the association, which includes among its members many prominent New York men and women, is Miss Mary A. Fisher.

"Our hotel," as was told to a reporter in a visit there, "occupies a field of usefulness all its own. There are authors' and actors' funds and charitable organizations, but we do not feel that we are conducting a charity. We are simply providing a home for brainworkers who have earned a rest, and for ambitious educated persons whose present means might not otherwise enable them to live amid congenial surroundings."

"A beautiful house in Hampstead, England, where governesses, grown old in their profession, could live out their lives in peace and restfulness, suggested the idea of the hotel to me. And afterward, here in New York, it came to me again with striking force. In a wretched room in a tenement house I found an aged musician and composer in his last illness."

"Don't send me to an almshouse," he begged. "Let me die here. I am used to the cold, and those old bundles of music," pointing with a trembling finger to the rude shelf above his bed filled with his manuscript music, "are companions. They are like children to me."

"On another occasion a friend wanted some writing done, and a publisher recommended an author and his wife who wrote for a livelihood. In East Eleventh street, amid almost squalid surroundings, we found these cultured people. They were called successful writers, their special field being biography and history, but they accepted the work eagerly, on any terms. We asked no questions. None were necessary. The pinched look on their child's face and their own pallor told the story of privation."

"These and similar experiences opened my eyes to the great need of a hotel like ours, and after many discouragements I started. It was eight years ago—years that have given me a wealth of experience and shown me some of the strangest and most pathetic phases of human nature. Around my table have gathered geniuses who were half mad, confused by the luxuries of their own ideas; inglorious Miltons who were perhaps too far ahead of their times to gain recognition; young persons of ardent ambitions, which have since been realized in some cases; noble men and women who lacked but one qualification—that of getting money. Among the saddest cases are the widows who after years of comfort and affluence are thrown on their own resources without training or talent which will avail them in self support."—New York Times.

THE POWER OF HOME.

Its Relation to Society and Its Influence in the Church.

The unit of society is the home. Enrollment that assumes to be thorough is not a registration by individuals, but by families. If we were to say that the structure of society is cellular, we should have to say that it is the family that constitutes each separate cell. No man, however entire, is a cell. No woman, however complete, is a cell. There is no finished cell except in the grouping of several individuals bound by the ties of domesticity. A bachelor is a dislocated fragment. His female counterpart is in the same category. It may not be their fault. It may lie in the necessity of their case. Still, all in all, it is a condition foreign to divine intention.

It is to the family, therefore, that we shall have to look as being the prime point of concern in all that relates to the weal of our times and our kind. The strength and health of society are to be measured by the amount of affectionate emphasis that is laid on the home idea, and the wholeness of society is simply the sanctity of the home writ large. Homes are each of them the separate roots that carry their several contributions to the organized structure of the general life.

All of this holds whether society be considered in its religious relations, which we know as the church, or in its secular ones, known as the state. The home is the first church, and the home is the first state. There is nothing in either of the two that is not initially present in a small way inside the home circle. As regards the former there is a very important idea conserved in so arranging our church auditoriums as to combine the congregation without sacrificing the identity of its families. The pew system of worship is the deft way that our church architecture takes to teach the doctrine that each home is a little religious organism. This is one of those interesting cases where a sense of fitness, even without being distinctly conscious of it, nevertheless asserts itself and creates a very substantial expression of itself. And there is no preacher—at least there is no pastor—who does not carry distinctly in his head, and particularly in his heart, this cellular structure of his congregation and does not feel that the significance of his congregation depends not on the number of its individuals, but on the number of its families.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst in Ladies' Home Journal.

A DISLIKE OF DUKES.

A Handicap Which the Highest of English Peers Have to Carry.

We may note a peculiarity in the English feeling about titles of which we have never seen a reasonable explanation. The political populace dislikes the title of duke. Some of the ablest peers in politics have been dukes, but to be a duke weighs instead of lightening a man in the great race for power. There is a widely diffused impression, the origin of which we cannot trace, that a duke is sure to be a little stupid, that a brilliant duke is, in fact, an impossibility. The title is a positive drawback to the Duke of Devonshire, and a Duke of Derby would never have been described as a "Rupert of debate."

The Duke of Argyll, who is an intellectual athlete, would have been far more completely recognized as Earl of Argyll, and we are not sure that the dukedom has not impeded one or two promising politicians in the house of lords. Certainly a duke rarely rises there unless he has become known to the country before the title crushed him. Is it that the rank overpowers the popular imagination till men cease to see the person—a thing which constantly happens in the case of kings—or is it that men can never forget the special rank by merging it in the simpler and more familiar title of "lord?"

No peer except a duke is invariably mentioned by the title which marks his grade. We have not an idea of the true explanation, but we know that a political earl who accepted a dukedom would lose heavily in popular estimation, and that even a marquis like Lord Salisbury, who would alter his rank so little, would find that the coronet of strawberry leaves acted, to a certain extent, as an extinguisher, while if his son never entered the house of commons he would have to struggle against some inexplicable weight. The fact is one of the very oddest in the whole of the odd history of the influence of rank, but of its reality we entertain no doubt whatever. To say "that is a dual opinion" is to say it is an opinion that no one in our days need consider.—London Spectator.

Depew's Chicago Story.

Chauncey M. Depew has a story which he won't tell when he goes to Chicago. Here it is:

"There was once a prominent man in Chicago, who, like all others out there, had a very exalted opinion of his town. He died, and when he reached his eternal home he looked about him with much surprise and said to the attendant who had opened the gate for him: 'Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected some change in heaven.'"

"The attendant eyed the Chicagoan a second, and then observed, 'This isn't heaven.'"—New York Telegram.

Talking Shop.

March—I think I'll spring into being about now.

June—Summer given to that sort of thing.

September—I guess I'll take a fall out of the year myself.

December—All right. Go ahead. I'll go winter it too.—Detroit Free Press.

Throws Away the Chance.

When an American believed himself a count, she has no show of ever being anything higher than a countess, but she marries a bright young American, she may come, like the wife of the

SWEET MEMORIES.

THE MELODY GRANDMOTHER SANG FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"As I Lay My Heart on Your Dead Heart, Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True." When Old Age Recalls the Dreams of the Past as Visions, There Is Tragedy.

Three generations sat in the soft glow of the deep crimson lamp shade that mellowed everything. In the little parlor. There was one daughter seated at the piano, singing sweet and low. She most of all was glorified by the ruddy rays from the translucent paper that fell over her. There was the mother, and beside her sat the mother's mother, near the circumference of the halo, the one listening with a glow of pride, the other, to whom the girl's voice was new—the grandmother was a visitor at the house—listening as one who hears a voice calling in a lonesome place. She sat there thinking, thinking, thinking, did this dear old soul, of a day when she, too, had sat at the piano herself, so proudly, and had sung the tender ballads of that bygone day with a voice full of passion, a deep contralto voice, one that touched the heart in its most sacred depths, when the strong, clear notes were struck and then broke into a pleading tremolo in the upper register. Fifty years ago that granddame's voice had thrilled hearts now dust, or worse than dust—hearts that were numb to tender things—and there was borne in the burden of her songs one message, that of love—even before her heart had known its meaning her voice had spoken love. The voice of the girl sitting at the piano was like her grandmother's had been. It hunted chords in the hearts of those who heard her and set them pulsing in echo to her own sweet longing that could find no words. God only knows what long, silent, rusted chords she touched with her resonant voice, did this child, in her grandmother's soul.

She sang the simple ballads of the day—"Last Night," "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," "Marguerite"—and as she sang her mother, to whom the singing was an old story, slipped out of the room—taking all her years with her perhaps—and left them together, together even in youth that sees visions. The young shall see visions, and the old shall dream dreams, saith the prophet. But when, by some magic of a voice or some alchemy of the soul, old age, which has dreamed dreams, sees in our vivid flash of light the dreams of the past as visions—there is tragedy.

The girl under the crimson lamp shade turned idly from leaf to leaf in her portfolio and sang by piecemeal. The elder woman only asked that she keep on singing. She only asked to hear that voice, her own voice, to the very quaver on C. And her dreams were all but visions, and life was all but youth again. There had been a wild song, one that the hearer did not know, and the chorus sobbed out:

Oh, is it forever,
Love, that we must sever,
O love, will you never
Come back again?

And the story that the song told of was of two lovers who had met under the roses and had known "the love of a day, the love of a life." What a swirl of fancies the singing of the child sent eddying through the aged brain! The music did not cease. The girl recalled a sweet old song, a peaceful, sorrowful ditty our grandmothers sang:

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness I know,
I'd be so faithful, so loving, Douglas, Douglas,
Douglas, tender and true.

The girl sang on until she thought she had tired her grandmother, and then whirling around on the stool she said gaily:

"Well, grandma, how do you like it? Haven't I improved in ten years?"

She rose as she said this, and without even waiting for a reply, as is the way of careless, thoughtless youth, she left the room humming:

Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

The girl went to her mother, who, she knew, was attending to some duties of the household. The words "all men like shadows" ran through the aged woman's head when the girl left the room, and she was thankful for the child's thoughtlessness which had left her alone for a moment. The spell of the pleading song was upon her. Her life was turned backward.

Young faces smiled at her. She seemed as bold as youth, this shy old woman, who two hours before had been afraid to protest against the overcharge of a cabman. She heard her daughter's steps and the child's in the room above her, and, thrilled with the mesmeric enchantment of the song, she became wrapped in a consuming longing to try if she could not sing the old song again. She tiptoed about the room, and closing the doors and looking ever behind her, she circled to the piano.

She wished to sing out loud something that was in her heart, to put it into words and let it come from her lips. She believed that to say the aching words would ease a throbbing in her heart. She could not at first bring herself to begin the song, so she fumbled among the keys, pretending to hunt for the air, and said the words of the first stanza to herself in silence. She touched the pianissimo pedal of the instrument; then, as her hands upon the keys led her to the second bar, she moaned:

As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

And when she heard the horrid croak of her own voice she remembered—everything. God pitied her and sent her two great tears, tears that were of youth that had been kept sacred through all the years.—Chicago Tribune.

Merry to Follow.

"Maw, what is a horrible example?" asked the youngest boy, looking up from his newspaper.

The eldest boy, who, this morning, long

HENRY R. PATTERSON, AUGUST VOLLMER.

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Where I will always have on hand, Buggies Carriages and Horses for the accommodation of the public at reasonable charges.
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COAL of all kinds.
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FOR TRUSTEE

SEVENTH WARD

M. J. ACTON.

FOR TRUSTEE

SEVENTH WARD

JOHN J. HIGGINS.

SAMUEL HEYWOOD

ANNOUNCES HIMSELF

Independent Trustee for 7th Ward

FOR ASSESSOR

TOWN OF BERKELEY

ISAAC W. WELLS

(PRESENT INCUMBENT.)

FOR TOWN MARSHAL,

J. W. STRIKER,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan

Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

FOR TOWN CLERK,

CHAS. W. GOMPERTZ,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan

Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

M. L. HANSCOM

Announces himself as a

Candidate for Town Clerk.

JOHN SQUIRES

Hereby announces himself as a candidate for

the office of

TOWN TREASURER.

You'll have a Fit
AND BE SATISFIED
If you have your Clothes made by

Brown & McKinnon

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N. T. Whiting, V. Stubenrauch, Charles

Hadden.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS—G. M. Robertson,

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H. W. Taylor, Ed. F. Niehaus.

CLERK—C. S. Preble.

ATTORNEY—Thos. F. Graber.

MARSHAL—J. W. Striker.

ASSESSOR—I. W. Wells.

JUSTICES—Charles L. Huggins.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—E. H. Shaw,

East Berkeley; C. R. Lord, West Berkeley.

CONSTABLES—T. G. Botherton, East

Berkeley; Con. Newell, West Berkeley.

GAZETTELETS.

Call on E. H. Driggs for your oil and

gasoline stoves. He will suit you in prices.

If you want a nice suit of clothes call on

Mikkelsen & Berry, 2124 Center street,

Berkeley. All kinds of repairing done.

If you want window glass of any size,

numbers, lawn mowers, any kind of outlay,

in fact for anything in the hardware line,

call upon SCHMITZ & ZEHNER in Shattuck

Block, and you can get them to suit.

Get your watches, clocks and jewelry re-

paired at R. A. Curry's, formerly Scott's

2124 Center street, Berkeley. Diamonds,

watches and jewelry of all kinds on hand.

Work guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call

up the GAZETTE by telephone.

Telephone No. 33, six bells, West

Berkeley. The office in East Ber-

keley will for the time being be located

in the same office with the Western

Union Telegraph Company.

Madame Kohne, midwife and

ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912

Fifth street, to Eighth street, between

University avenue and Addison street.

Call at the Dwight Way Station

Barber Shop, near Shattuck avenue.

First-class attendance.

FRED. CHAMPAINE,

2112 Dwight Way.

OFFICE OF THE

Assessor of Alameda County.

Poll Tax Notice.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the State Poll Tax of Two Dollars for the year 1895 is now due and payable at my office, Room 1, Court House, or to a deputy assessor.

Sec. 3839 of the Political Code reads as follows:

Every male inhabitant of the State, over twenty-one and under 60 years of age, except paupers, insane persons and Indians, not taxed, must annually pay a poll tax of two dollars, provided the same be paid before the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July, then it shall be three dollars.

Sec. 3846 of the Political Code makes it the duty of the Assessor to "demand Poll Tax of every person liable therefor, and on the neglect or refusal of such persons to pay, he must collect by seizure and sale of any personal property owned by such person."

Under sections 429 to 434 every person who refuses to give his own name or the name of any person in his employ, or who in any manner obstructs the Assessor or any of his deputies in the collection of the State Poll Tax, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in the County Jail, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Only those persons under twenty-one of over sixty years of age are exempt. Poll Tax must be paid on demand.

Henry P. Dalton,

Assessor of Alameda County.

OFFICE OF THE

Assessor of Alameda County.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

GAZETTELETS.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley steam laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

The Easter services in the different churches yesterday were grand and the attendance was very large.

J. Casey, who has been quite ill for some time, was able to be out today.

The social of the Woodmen of the World takes place this evening at Woodman's Hall.

Mrs. Evoy of Bristol street is said to be very low, and her death is expected at any moment.

The Non-Partisan Committee will place a poster in the field with the names of all of its candidates about tomorrow.

Howard Harris has been elected president of the Donohoe Kelly Banking Company, vice Joseph A. Donohoe, deceased.

At the little game played on the Campus last Saturday the Berkeley boys came out ahead on almost every issue.

Auction sales of land are reported to have been very successful in San Francisco last week. This city always did want the earth.

The Signal Corps practiced with their mirrors yesterday at Telegraph Hill, Mount Diablo and Sacramento. The telegraphing was successfully accomplished.

There will be street meetings tomorrow evening, all the same Salvation Army, by Evangelist Varley. Nearly all the ministers of the town will take part, after which the regular services will be held in Shattuck Hall.

"The what is it," it is said, will make its appearance tonight. In the meantime all public and private business has been suspended, awaiting the meteor that is to come.

Doctor Macbeth of Peralta Park who is under arrest on account of the death of Mrs. Quinn is reported to be sick. He is a man pretty well along in years and this trouble has worn heavily upon his mind.

Frank N. Lowell, Deputy Registration Clerk, will be in West Berkeley this evening at Rutledge's drug store, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, for the purpose of registering all voters who have not registered heretofore.

George T. Bromley, the humors of the Bohemian Club, celebrated his 78th birthday at the club rooms yesterday. He studied for the stage in early days in Stockton, that is how to get out of that place on one.

One of the representatives of the Gazette, while out riding on San Pablo avenue last evening with his sister-in-law, came very near being held up by a couple of foot-pads. Only his presence of mind saved him, and the foot-pads slunk off into the darkness.

Sam Fisher is going to reopen his skating rink tomorrow evening. He has made a new departure this time so that all parties may be accommodated. Skating will be indulged in until 10 o'clock, when the lovers of dancing will have the floor for a couple of hours. In the meantime a three-legged race, will take place, free for all, for which the winner will receive a valuable prize.

Denny Landegrin, who removed to Oakland a couple of months ago, will return to Berkeley about the first of the month. He says that neither his family nor himself have had any decent health since they went to Oakland, and that that is the cause of his return.

Today was the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. The event passed unheeded except in West Berkeley where a large American flag floated from the masthead of Wulferding's 11. Leon the corner of Third and Bristol streets. The event was celebrated in Oakland by the planting of a memorial tree on the Lincoln school grounds. Soils from twenty-six historical spots in the United States was filled in around the tree. The United States Artillery fired a salute of forty-four guns and special exercises were held in the Tabernacle.

About forty young men from East and West Berkeley procured a large four-horse wagon early yesterday morning and rode out to Mount Isabel. Arriving there a certain number were detailed to gather drift wood, while the balance went out to dig clams. It was not long before there was a roaring fire on the beach and two sacks of clams lay near it. It took but a few minutes to wash the clams and prepare them, and in an hour the boys were called upon to feast at a clam bake and clam chowder. Everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly and it was a late hour when they returned, all having had a splendid time.

LETTER LIST.

Letters advertised Monday, April 15th, 1895.

Durandau, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. M. J. Ellekson, Rachel Falkingham, Sarah F. G. S. Hall, Ernest E. Koch, Louis.

J. McCARTHY, P. M.

"TOOK THE WRONG MEDICINE."

Why This Headline So Often Appears in the Daily Newspapers.

It is an odd trait in human nature that a man who has been ordered by his physician to take paregoric will never take it if there is any carbolic acid or prussic acid in the house that he can absorb in preference.

Statisticians who have studied the thing declare that an invalid will search the whole house for a poisonous drug and drink it rather than the medicine ordered by the doctor. The death notices in the newspapers in cases of that kind are generally headed, "Took the Wrong Medicine."

A man arrived at his home the other evening, and glancing on the bureau saw a bottle of liquid that he had been ordered by the doctor to take.

"That looks like the stuff," said he, "but I'm not sure. As I was looking up the cellar I saw behind an old shelf a blue bottle that looked as if it hadn't been touched for years. It said on it, 'Sulphuric Acid.' Now that bottle on the table looks exactly like the one I drank out of last night, but still I have an idea that the stuff down in the cellar is what the doctor means for me. I don't know how the dickens it got down there when it's meant for me to take, or how this bottle that isn't meant for me to take got on this bureau. But I'm not going to take any chances. I'll just go down into the cellar and make sure, and I'll throw this stuff out of the window."

Then he cautiously went down stairs and took the sulphuric acid, and he was buried in due form after an ambulance surgeon had done his best and the coroner's physician had made a complete investigation and autopsy.

It isn't only children who make these blunders. Doctors will tell you that they have only to label a bottle "Lotion, For External Application Only," to make sure of its being drunk. If a patient gets a bottle of corrosive sublimate to put on a felon on his great toe and doesn't use it all, he will carefully save it. Ten years afterward a doctor gives some cough mixture to him, and then he goes and hunts up the corrosive sublimate bottle, plays three card monte with it and the cough mixture, gets them thoroughly mixed up so that he can't tell one from the other, and then when he feels that tightness across the chest that the doctor told him about he swallows a part of the corrosive sublimate and leaves his widow to collect the life insurance. By no accident is the cough mixture ever taken—it is always the corrosive sublimate.—New York Herald.

CURIOUS WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Some Odd Phases of Social Life in Northern Michigan.

*Many curious customs are in vogue among the foreign population of northern Michigan, especially in social matters. When a French couple get married, a carriage or a sleigh ride is inevitable, according to the season of the year. The couples are not packed together in one wagon or sleigh, but each fellow and his girl have an individual rig, the bride and groom taking the lead and the others following like a funeral procession, but there is nothing funeral about it, especially the pace set. After the procession has been riding for hours, a dance ends the festivities.

The Poles have a curious wedding custom that is very ingenious as a money getter, and takes the place of wedding presents. After the wedding feast follows a dance that sometimes lasts 12 to 14 hours, and even longer. The chief honor is to dance with the bride, and this is decided in a curious manner. The mother of the bride takes her place in one corner with a plate in her lap, which she takes very good care shall be built after the plan of an eating house coffee cup. The gallant who wants to dance with the bride, and all are in honor bound to do so at least once, must pull out a piece of silver and endeavor to chip or break the plate by throwing their money upon it, and only those who succeed in chipping or breaking the plate are allowed the coveted honor. Let those who think it easy to break an ironstone plate try it. Few succeed in doing it for less than 50 cents, and it is not an unusual thing for the bride's money to amount up to \$75 or \$100, even where the crowd is apparently as poor as a church mouse, and it may go even higher when the bride is pretty and popular. All the money goes to the bride, and in a backwoods country \$50 to \$75 will start a happy couple nicely in housekeeping.—Detroit Free Press.

A Japanese Test For the Aspiring Bride.

In Japan it appears that one factor entering into the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silkworms. There is more to this than appears on the surface of the statement, for it seems that the thread spun by a silkworm is regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the garments of the aspiring bride, judging of her qualifications by their condition. This seems even more absurd than the woman who said her son should never marry a woman who could not keep her top bureau drawer in order.—New York Times.

Chicago Wine Comes Cheap.

Customer—A table d'hôte dinner, including a bottle of good wine, for 75 cents? Yes, that's cheap enough, but I don't care for any wine, and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?

Waiter—I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for 70 cents, sah.—Chicago Tribune.

Marriage a Success.

Foreign Visitor—I am told American marriages are generally happy. Mr. Gotham—Oh, perfectly. The husband is devoted to business, the wife to society, and they hardly ever meet.—New York Weekly.

HENRY R. PATTERSON, AUGUST VOLLMER.

Patterson & Vollmer

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ENGLISH STATE TELEGRAPHS.

Messages Cost 12 1-2 Cents Each, and All Must Be Prepaid.

The telegraph service of Great Britain is undoubtedly quicker, more reliable and cheaper than that of the United States. I make this statement after proper allowance of the differences in distance. It costs 12 1/2 cents for 12 words and 1 cent for every additional word. This for Great Britain and Ireland—a uniform rate.

It works admirably, as nearly all the postoffices are also telegraph offices. As a rule, the people are civil and obliging, and the delivery of messages more prompt than with us.

These postoffices, which include, as a rule, news stands and stationers' shops, are scattered all over the city, especially in London, and one has no such trouble in getting postoffice orders, postal notes, stamps, etc., as is too often the case in New York.

Another great advantage of the British system is that there is no such thing as sending messages "collect." You can prepay an answer to a telegram, and the boy brings up a blank with the telegram when an answer has been paid for.

Again, if you write to any one and want a telegraphic reply, merely inclose a blank with sixpenny postage stamps affixed. This saves the trouble of transmitting money or imposing on a friend for reply.

At one of the big city dinners a few weeks ago I sat opposite W. H. Preece, C. B., the engineer in chief and electrician of British Telegraphic Wonderland. He was greatly interested in the fact that we counted the population by the means of electricity, and of course knew exactly how it was done.

The increase in 25 years of messages alone from 6,500,000, when three private companies controlled the business, to 70,000,000 messages in 1894, tells its own story. That the number of offices has increased threefold, now numbering 9,000, and the miles of wire have increased from 60,000 to 200,000—surely this indicates that the public are well and cheaply served.

Financially the telegraph department is today paying expenses, but not the interest on the money invested. It is claimed, however, that the division of expenses between the postoffice branch and the telegraph branch was of such an artificial character that the two services should be looked at together financially. This would show a net annual surplus of from \$18,750,000 to \$15,000,000—a very handsome addition to the public revenues.

A uniform telegraph service, say, of 25 cents per message, is no more, in this advanced day of electrical appliances, than a uniform 2 cent letter rate was when adopted.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LION AND THE LAMB.

You Must Decide Which Was Lion and Which the Young Sheep.

"Yes," said the lion of the evening, "I flatter myself that we African explorers get in some queer places."

The fair young girl at his side regarded him dreamily.

"I, too,"—her eyes brightened and she spoke quickly—"have been around a little. Let me see!"

He smiled superciliously.

"Around the world in 80 days; a winter in the arctic; two weeks in a balloon; on horseback through Asia Minor; six months in Patagonia; among the hill tribes of India; through the diamond fields of Kimberley; in the Australian bush; across the Great American desert; from Sweden to Siberia; two months in Alaska, and on foot through the Bitter Root mountains of Idaho. Yes!"

Again that dreamy look.

"We young lady reporters have to hustle round!"

And for the space of five minutes the African explorer sat silent and thought he was thinking.—New York World.

Science.

"Which reaches you the quicker," asked the teacher, "sight or sound?"

"Sound," replied the new boy.

"No, William, that's not the right answer. Sight reaches us first. If you watch a band playing a good way off, you'll see the drummer hit the drum a second or so before you hear the sound of it."

"Yes'm. But sometimes sight don't reach you first."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Yes'm. The new postoffice. Pa said this morning that we had been hearing about the new postoffice for the last ten years and wouldn't see it for the next 20."—Washington Star.

The Life Plant.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant because it is almost impossible to kill it or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string, it sends out white, threadlike roots, gathers moisture from the air and begins to grow new leaves. Even when pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium it has been known to outgrow the leaves of the book in which it was placed. The only way to kill it is by the heat of a hot iron or of boiling water.

Moses Kimball.

The late Moses Kimball of Boston, who made his money as a theatrical manager in that city, was an interesting character. For many years his ambition was to be mayor, but the politicians never took kindly to his aspiration. When he was an alderman, before the war, he voted and spoke against allowing Daniel Webster the use of Faneuil hall to refute the abolition arguments of Wendell Phillips.—Boston Letter.

Gas lamps were introduced in the Paris streets in 1818. Their employment caused no little remark among the country people, who got an idea that there was some magic about the matter.

To prevent wrinkles, the ladies of the court of Catherine de' Medici wore a forehead cloth tightly bound on their heads.